

BRITAIN'S DOCK STRIKE

— Michael P. Fogarty

THE
Commonweal



**Germany's
New Role**

by Hans J. Morgenthau

Frank Getlein

Claire Huchet Bishop

Patrick F. Quinr

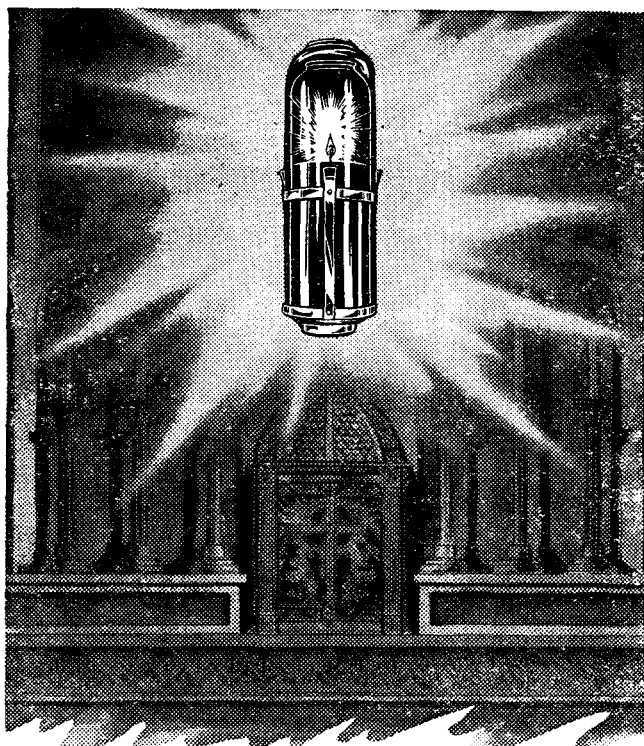
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THE Commonweal

week by week

AN END TO SEGREGATION

THE Negro today occupies a special position in American life. He provides the test, the standard. To the consciences of Americans he presents a challenge often analogous to that afforded to Christians by the Jews in Hitlerian Germany.

The Negro is *in*, but not yet *of*, our society. He is the tenth citizen. He is American—having roots in this country which extend further back in our history than many of his present-day tormentors—and America is his home, his hope. Yet time and time again his own nation has betrayed him—and in the process betrayed the American dream.

Recently, Alan Paton reported on "The Negro in the North" for *Collier's*. The results were as memorable, as moving, as one would expect from the author of *Cry, The Beloved Country*.

"The cry of the Negro," Alan Paton wrote, "is no longer, 'Let my people go'; it is, 'Let my people in.'" The Negro is knocking at the door of American life.

Employment and housing remain the central problems for the American Negro. Despite great contributions by the labor unions, especially those of the CIO, the average income of Negro city dwellers in 1945 reached a high of only sixty-six per cent of the average white city dweller's.

Even where shops are unionized, the rule of "last hired, first fired" largely prevails, if only because Negroes have not had time to build up job seniority. As a result, unemployment rates for Negroes are fifty per cent higher than for whites.

More Negro wives and mothers have to work, and in most parts of the country the more undesirable forms of labor continue to be labeled "Negro jobs." In America, 1954, it is still tragically true that many children never see a Negro in any other capacity than as domestic servant, garbage man or porter.

The housing picture is bad. Paton described a Detroit slum as "the most filthy and terrible place I have seen in America." The Negro sections

in all Northern cities are the oldest and the most run down, and overcrowding is the rule.

Decent housing for Negroes is therefore at a premium, and rents are high. Yet in almost all cities the efforts of Negroes to leap over the housing wall is met at best with coldness and at worst with violence. And the worst happens far too often.

Trumbull Park in Chicago is one example of a place where the worst did happen. Negroes moved into the governmental project erected by the Chicago Housing Authority last year. That was the beginning.

Violence broke out as soon as word got around that Negro tenants had moved in. Outside the Negro apartment the mob gathered, shouting threats and throwing stones. Windows were shattered, replaced, then shattered again.

Hundreds of policemen had to be called out to protect the Negro tenants from the white mob. Night and day the crowd milled around, often threatening to break through the police lines which stood between them and their targets. Inside the building the first Negro tenants huddled behind the boarded-up windows, accepted police escort when they had to leave the house for work or shopping. They waited, hoping the violence would die down, that the mob would get tired and go away. In the end, they grew weary before the mob showed signs of tiring. But others had come in the meantime, and they are still there.

WHY do they come? Why do they face the fury of the mob? They come because they want to escape the crowding and dirt of the slums. They want a chance for their children. They come because they want to breathe clean air. Above all, they come because they are Americans, because that is their right. They believe in the American idea, and no matter how often others betray it, they continue to believe, and to hope. What else can they do, except hope?

Yet despite the slums, the low wages, the un-

employment, Paton sees a great promise in the years immediately ahead. If conditions are bad, they have been worse. And the signs are promising.

Americans are perhaps too close to the situation to realize what is happening. But the walls are going down. The Supreme Court decision which marked the end of the myth of "separate but equal" facilities may mark the beginning of the end for all segregation.

If enforced separation in education is oppressive, harmful and unjust, why is it not the same in all other areas of human life? We believe it is, and we think the logic of events will make that increasingly clear. Social discrimination based only on color is nonsense. It is immoral, undemocratic, non-rational. The sooner Americans face this fact, the closer we will come to realizing the American idea.

Alan Paton says, ". . . it was the Negro, of all Americans, who clarified the principles on which the democracy of America was based. It was he who kept reminding America what kind of nation she was." The Negro is a goad to our reluctant American conscience. The time for listening to that conscience is now.

GOOD PICKINGS

IT has been a strong American contention that capitalism in the United States was of a different breed from European capitalism. One way of expressing the contrast was in terms of wages:

NEXT WEEK

CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP writes about this year's children's books.

"It is not my intention to imply that the wealth of scientific books is paralleled by a shortage of poetry. . . . But for the last two years we have had an unbalanced diet. This is not a question of turning the clock back, but of having a variety of fare. Most people seem unaware that anything could be wrong with feeding boys only on technology. The effects of a diet seldom show at once. But let it go on for a few years and one should not be surprised to witness a generation of boring and insufferable beings, unable to soar to any new heights, for, as Charles-Louis Philippe so aptly wrote: 'Isaac Newton discovered gravitation not because he was a learned man, but because he had the soul of a poet.'"

American workers are supposed to earn enough to be able to buy the products of industry—at least on the installment plan. But European workers generally do not. Related to this is the contrast between expanding and limited output, between mass production for a large market at a low profit per item and restricted production for a restricted market at a high profit per item. Finally there is the matter of the ownership of productive enterprise. The tendency in Europe is toward family or close ownership of businesses, while in this country stock shares are widely held.

There are exceptions to this latter although they are shrinking in number as American companies merge and grow. A few weeks ago the possibility that the Ford Foundation might diversify its holdings by offering for sale to the public some of its shares of Ford preferred stock called attention to one giant corporation whose stock is very closely held.

Now another closely-held corporation has divulged its dimensions preliminary to offering some of its securities for public sale. This is the 85-year-old Campbell Soup Company, which until his death in 1930 was solely owned by one man, Dr. John T. Dorrance. Since then the company has been solely the property of his estate.

The extent of Dr. Dorrance's wealth is indicated by the fact that his New Jersey inheritance tax (which carries a much lower rate than the federal inheritance tax) was large enough to take care of the bulk of the expenses of the sovereign State of New Jersey for a whole year.

Another index is furnished by the registration statement of the Campbell Soup Company to the federal Securities and Exchange Commission. For when the lid was lifted it revealed a company with over two hundred million dollars assets and three hundred and forty million dollars in annual sales. No doubt strictly private enterprises of this character have had a lot to do with making socialists. And it is one of the virtues of our much deplored inheritance taxes that they eventually manage to return to society vast sums that have really been piled up at society's expense—even if it was at the rate of a few cents a can.

REARMED GERMANY

AT London and at Paris in the gray October of 1954 the power-balance of Europe was fundamentally altered in a way in which it has not been altered since Germany stumbled into the final weeks of World War II and Soviet tanks nosed their snarling way along the Unter den Linden.

Germany is to be rearmed. Britain has committed herself to the European continent. France and Germany have plans for wide economic cooperation as well as a degree of military integration with the other nations of West Europe. Thus has the post-war policy of the West been achieved.

There were two aspects to that policy. The first was to settle the German problem. As a part of NATO and West European organizations, Germany will now be an equal partner in a larger community, able to bargain from strength with the East, removed from its extremely precarious and artificial status as the disarmed pivot of the cold war. It will be in a situation where moderate government, which has been under increasingly effective attack, will be strengthened—provided that the European organization works.

The second aim of American policy was genuine unification of the states of Europe. The "European idea" has offered at least the chance of a future unlike the terrible past.

Only a legal structure was agreed to in Paris. Whether it will work or not depends on whether the concept of "Europe" is enough to make the structure into a serious political instrument.

A DARK SPOT

THE social progress that has been registered here in the United States in the past two decades should be a source of legitimate national pride. Standards on minimum wages and for social security ought to be higher, to be sure, but they represent sizable advances. Much has been accomplished in the way of slum clearance and new low-cost housing, protection of homes and savings, the increase of public educational and recreation facilities, better hospital and nursing services and other institutions that make for a more secure and more abundant life generally. A survey of these recent achievements in our political democracy leads to a certain feeling of gratification, if hardly to content. If it were not for the plight of the Negro in this country, most thoughtful Americans would tend to be of the opinion that the general set-up reflects great strides toward an approximate realization of America's social ideals.

There is, however, another important group of people whose plight belies much that Americans profess in the name of democracy. At the recent Davenport convention of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, one of the resolutions declared that "the most deplorable evil in American social and economic life today is the harsh injustice of the conditions of migratory

labor." These conditions have long been a major concern of this estimable rural organization. At its annual convention last year it spelled out the reasons it now reasserts for its conviction just cited: wages, food and housing which are woefully inadequate; lack of the right to vote; little or no schooling for the children; the fact that migratory workers are "specifically excluded from the protection of social security and minimum wage legislation"; exploitation by employers and labor contractors and even abuse by law-enforcement officers.

Here is a situation, aggravated by the unnecessary importation of underpaid foreign farm laborers, which presents a challenge. Individual farmers, farming corporations, farm organizations, labor unions, legislators, voters and on occasion even consumers who are cognizant of the conditions under which certain foodstuffs are produced, all have a job to do.

NUCLEAR WAR: CONCLUSION

CAN the threat of hydrogen war prevent hydrogen war? That question seems to be at the heart of the nuclear dilemma of 1954. We know that civilization now has the very real power to destroy itself suddenly and efficiently. And the arguments of the three major spokesmen we have discussed in this series of six editorials all hinge on that central question.

The Republican military policy of massive retaliation claims that even creeping aggression can be prevented by threatening nuclear destruction; that the use of nuclear weapons in a limited war would not automatically eliminate the limitations. Thomas K. Finletter, speaking for what is, by and large, the Democratic policy, argues that the hydrogen threat can prevent World War III provided that we keep our air-power strong; he would bar any use of A-bombs in small wars; and he calls for a strong and realistic drive for world disarmament as the only fundamental solution. Britain's Air Marshal Slessor, the most optimistic of the three, feels that total nuclear war is so dangerous that it has become impractical, hence unlikely.

This magazine finds these arguments rather chilly comfort. We have profound doubts about the Slessor thesis. We think that disarmament will only follow basic political settlements and thus is for now, at least, a practical impossibility. And we think that the mere threat of nuclear retaliation, unbacked by conventional forces, is an invitation to aggression; that the reckless employment

of nuclear weapons in the contemporary climate of public opinion would lose the cold war for the West—if it did not serve to bring on the big hot war.

We would introduce here two other considerations. Morally speaking, an all-out hydrogen war is intolerable. Morally speaking, even “small” nuclear bombs are intolerable if they are used against non-combatants as we used them at Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The traditional Christian principles of just warfare hold quite clearly that the destruction of non-combatants cannot be directly intended in a military action—as is the case in “morale” bombing—and can be justified only if that destruction is an unavoidable consequence of a legitimate attack against a legitimate military target, and even then only if the importance of the target is so great as to outweigh the evil done in these civilian deaths.

The moral principle is also a fundamental military and political principle. Those who think that victory justifies any means should spend a few hours with the most influential military analyst of our time, B. H. Liddell Hart. His latest book, *Strategy*, devotes some space to this problem of modern total war, and he pounds on the fundamental truths that military means, weapons and destruction must be proportioned to the ends desired; that it is arrant stupidity to “win” a war in a manner which makes peace impossible; that war only has meaning when it restores the conditions in which political settlements are possible; that the greatest general is he who wins a war through the intelligent employment of political and psychological factors at the least possible cost in destruction.

But can these principles be applied at a time when a single bomb dropped from a single fighter can burn into rubble a city of five million people? The answer is that they must be. If war comes, there are only three possibilities: first, that we and the Soviets blast one another into oblivion; second, that both sides refrain from the use of nuclear weapons (an almost inconceivable eventuality which would certainly mean the Soviet conquest of all Eurasia from the Channel to the Indian Ocean); and third, the imposing of some limitations on the use of the nuclear weapon.

This last possibility becomes by elimination the only hopeful one. Perhaps it is within our power. The possibility of limitations has drawn the attention of Slessor, American Generals Doolittle and Twining, some NATO strategists, and a few others in the West. It must be given wider discussion. The Commonwealth hopes to present in the near future an article which would deal with

the “counterforce” strategy, a policy which proposes a method by which the West might unilaterally set limits on nuclear war.

When we began this series of editorials we said that we intended to do no more than draw some lines. The lines are drawn. A discussion of a subject as terrible as this one can end on only one note. We who live in this time have been given a strange distinction. We are the first men in all history to hold Armageddon in our laps. And yet we are no wiser than our fathers, and even the most ardent romantics have learned in this decade that progress is not wisdom. Wisdom and hope: we have our measures of each. With them we have freedom. This time, then, is a time for prayer that we may use our gifts to save ourselves.

THE ONLY INDEX?

REGARDLESS of the outcome of the 1954 elections, the last has not been heard of the controversial Dixon-Yates contract to supply electric power to the Atomic Energy Commission. The hearings have seen to that. In the course of them several eminent witnesses have disclosed some startling irregularities on the part of certain Southern power companies, not the least of which is the keeping of two different sets of books.

In this context it is curious to encounter a recent, presumably syndicated, newspaper column by John Chamberlain. The main burden of his argument is that the big dam recently completed in British Columbia by the Aluminum Company of Canada demonstrates that such projects are within the competence of private enterprise. Therefore, Mr. Chamberlain argues, why all the fuss about awarding that contract to Dixon-Yates instead of to TVA?

But the crux of his argument has wider application. It is Mr. Chamberlain's contention that the regulation of power companies, established in the 1930's, has rendered them innocuous, that “electric power rates have been virtually the only item in America that have not kept pace with the inflation.” He concludes that if the consumer does not have to pay too much, why worry? But rates are hardly the only factor. Utility companies are usually monopolies. For years they deprived vast rural areas of electricity by refusing to install requested power lines; only through REA was the transformation of the American countryside finally effected. Besides, the Dixon-Yates hearings have brought out the fact that utility companies have had such political power in certain states that they exercised an effective veto on candidates for public office. Are rates, then, the only issue?

Germany's New Role

A CRITICAL ANALYSIS OF THE POWER ALIGNMENT
WHICH RESULTS FROM THE REARMAMENT OF GERMANY

HANS J. MORGENTHAU

THE London conference was successful in that it did what it set out to do: to establish legal obligations and institutional devices to which M. Mendès-France could agree as a framework for the rearmament of West Germany. However, the hyperbolic self-congratulations of some of the participants should not blind us to the narrow limits within which the London conference has actually been a success.

First of all, much of what was agreed upon in London is in the nature of general principles and declarations of intention rather than of definitive, binding obligations and settlements and, hence, must await elaboration. Furthermore, the success of the conference appears to be greater than it actually is because its frame of reference excluded the more important of the two issues which the rearmament of Germany presents. Thus, even if there should be agreement on the many points still outstanding and the agreements thus reached should be ratified by the parliaments concerned, of the two basic issues which threatened EDC from its very inception and finally destroyed it, only one—and the less important one—will have been brought closer to solution.

That less important issue is posed by the fact that France, facing Germany alone, finds itself in a position of irremediable inferiority. Two examples will serve to illustrate. Since 1870 the population of France has increased by approximately four million and that of Germany by twenty-seven million; in 1800, every seventh European was a Frenchman, in 1930 only every thirteenth; in 1940, Germany had at its disposal about fifteen million men fit for military service and France had only five million. In the last elections one out of every four Frenchmen voted for a Communist candidate and, hence, twenty-five per cent of the French people support directly or indirectly, wittingly or unwittingly, a foreign and hostile government and are in different degrees alienated from the purposes of France. For France, conscious of this drastic and hopeless inferiority, to join Germany in a continental supranational combination would

have required either extraordinary faith in the intentions of Germany or extraordinary despair about the future of France. France had neither, and thus EDC failed. EDC frightened France, not because it threatened another German attack, but because it threatened to swallow France up in a supranational organization dominated by an unchecked and uncheckable Germany, which might draw it into military adventures of incalculable scope.

For France the problem of German rearmament presents itself as the age-old problem of the balance of power in a novel setting. Where can France find additional power which would provide a counterweight to that of Germany? That was the question which had worried Richelieu and Mazarin, Delcassé and Poincaré, as it is worrying now Herriot and Mendès-France. It is the great historic achievement of the London conference that, for the first time in modern history, this perennial concern of France has met with a response which is more than a mere legal commitment, but changes permanently the distribution of power on the continent. The British commitment to station four divisions and a tactical air force on the continent has made Great Britain a continental military power in permanence. This revolutionary transformation constitutes the momentous British contribution to Franco-German reconciliation and makes the London Pact a political instrument superior to EDC. By adding permanently its military power to that of France, Great Britain has made it easier for France to reconcile itself to the ascendancy of Germany.

Yet while the London conference has been successful in this respect, it has failed to understand, let alone solve, the central problem posed by a renascent Germany, which is how to deny the new power of Germany to the Soviet Union. By posing it in the military terms of rearmament, we have missed the political significance of the problem. The issue has never been whether or not Germany would rearm. German rearmament being a foregone conclusion, the real issue is for what political purposes German arms will be used. Yet obsessed with the military contribution which West Germany could make to Western

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defense, the participants in the London conference have based their policies upon two assumptions, both unsound: one, that a German military contribution is essential for the successful defense of Western Europe; the other, that some sort of organizational integration of the German army into the Western Alliance and the exchange of legal commitments will prevent Germany from using that army for purposes at variance with those of the Western Alliance or hostile to the interests of one or the other of its members.

It is tedious, at least for this writer who has made the same argument within and outside the government since 1949, to state again that Western Europe cannot be defended on land against the two hundred Russian and satellite divisions even if twelve German divisions are added to the twenty western divisions now available. What has defended Western Europe in the past, and what will defend it in the future, is the certainty that a military attack upon Western Europe means the beginning of the third world war, bringing the retaliatory atomic power of the United States to bear upon the aggressor. This being so, twelve German divisions will at best be able to perform the same function which the European army as a whole is able to perform: to contribute to internal stability and slow down the Russian advance on land, allowing our air bases in Western Europe to accomplish their strategic task. As a deterrent factor against aggression in the over-all balance of power, the German army is bound to be negligible. What frightens the Russians—and there is little doubt that the fears they profess so often and so loud are real—is not the military damage which those twelve German divisions could do to them, but the political and military turbulence they could create in the heart of Europe in the absence of a political settlement. It so happens that our overriding concern with German rearmament not only makes the Russians afraid; it also gives them hope, for it provides them with a great political opportunity: to strike a bargain with an armed, yet politically dissatisfied Germany.

The real problem which Germany presents to the Western world has been obscured and perverted by the illusion of the decisiveness of the German military contribution. That problem is not military, but political. It is posed by the fact that West Germany, which is already, even without an army, the most powerful nation on the continent, cannot forever remain under the tutelage of the occupying powers. How can an independent Germany be prevented from making common cause with the Soviet Union? That is the momentous question which confronts the Western world. The real problem, then, is not German rearmament but German sovereignty.

Attempts have been made to solve this problem within the context of German rearmament, and that very context has condemned these attempts, as it will future ones, to futility. All these attempts from EDC to the London solution have endeavored to deprive a sovereign German government of the free use of its armed forces. EDC has attempted to achieve this through the establishment of a multinational army under truly supranational control. The London solution seeks to accomplish the same end through the international controls provided by NATO and the Brussels treaty. However, the legalistic concern with degrees of integration and of control is misplaced; for the history of both multinational armies and alliances shows clearly that their cohesion does not depend primarily on the degree of integration and the quantity of legal ties, but is determined by the community of interests which holds out more advantages to the component parts if they stand together than if they go their separate ways.



No sovereign German government can be expected not to use its armed forces in support of its own interests, let alone to use them against those interests. Yet the political interests of Germany, with which our policy has shown an amazing unconcern, are in the long run irreconcilable with the military integration of West Germany into the Western Alliance. Our often repeated official assertions to the contrary impress nobody in Germany and certainly not the German man-in-the-street. For it stands to reason that the reunion of a West Germany, militarily integrated into the Western Alliance, with Soviet-occupied East Germany would be tantamount to the military integration of all of Germany into the Western Alliance and, hence, would presuppose the capitulation of the Soviet Union.

West Germany can be firmly integrated into the Western Alliance only at the price of the renunciation of its elemental national objective of making an end to the division of Germany. No great nation, especially one so proudly conscious of its newly-won power as West Germany is today, will consent to such renunciation. It is this fundamental incompatibility be-

tween organizational devices and legal ties, on the one hand, and national interest, on the other, which dooms any attempt at integration, however ingeniously devised. Yet the legalistic obsession with integrating devices is not only useless in its own military frame of reference, it also tends to obstruct our basic political objective of making West Germany a reliable partner of the West and of withholding its political and military support from the Soviet Union. For it discredits American policy and those German political forces supporting it, and at the same time strengthens those German forces which are hostile both to the ideas and the interests of the West and which are by tradition, predilection, and political logic likely to seek Eastern orientation in order to satisfy the aspirations of Germany.

ANY observer of the German scene who listens, not to official spokesmen, but to the man-in-the-street must be struck by the unpopularity of German rearmament, the drastic decline in American influence and prestige, and the indifference—tolerant or intolerant as the case may be—to the Bonn regime. On a recent trip to Germany I raised the question of German rearmament with scores of all kinds of people. I found only one man who came out in favor of it, and he is closely identified with the Adenauer government.

The arguments from which that opposition derives are three, and they are in order of priority: the threat to peace, the threat to German democracy, and the threat to unification.

Revulsion from war and desire for peace at virtually any price constitute at present the basic German attitudes towards international affairs, a truly revolutionary departure from the traditional German militarism. Rightly or wrongly, the opinion is prevalent in Germany that a German army would be used for the same purposes for which armies have been used in the past, that is, to make war. Rightly or wrongly, it is widely believed that the integration of a German army into the Western Alliance will not diminish but increase the danger of war. For throughout Europe, what a few years ago was nothing more than a prop of Communist propaganda has now become a widely, if not generally, accepted belief: that the Western Alliance is at least as much an instrument of war as the Red Army.

What frightens the German man-in-the-street in the short run even more than the threat of war is the threat to democracy which he sees implicit in German rearmament. Germans remember the preponderant role which the German army has played as a social and political force throughout German history, a role which became well-nigh decisive, however carefully

disguised, during that brief period of history from 1919-1933 when German political life operated within a constitutional framework and through the institutions of democracy. Germans are also dimly aware of the weakness of German democracy, a weakness which in many respects ominously resembles that of the Weimar Republic. The Bonn regime is accepted not because it evokes the active loyalties of the people, but because there exists no feasible alternative, especially as long as Germany is occupied by foreign troops. People vote for the parties of the Bonn regime, not out of enthusiasm, but *faute de mieux*.

An army will provide a new focus for active loyalties, especially when it seems to be hamstrung by foreign controls against which it struggles surreptitiously and successfully. If it follows the traditions established by its predecessors, it will become a political force in its own right, with domestic and foreign policies of its own. Unification might well provide an issue which would establish the army as the protector of the national interest against an indifferent, if not treacherous civilian government, acting in concord with the foreign enemy.

SUSPICION is widespread in Germany that neither the Bonn regime nor the Western powers are really interested in unification. The Bonn regime is suspected not to be interested because unification would deprive the governing coalition of its parliamentary majority and would radically change the social and religious complexion of West Germany. The Western powers, and more particularly France, are suspected on that count because, not being able to obtain military integration and unification at the same time, they have obviously chosen military integration as the goal to be obtained, while paying lip service to the ultimate objective of unification. This conclusion is strengthened by the impression of intransigence which the foreign policy of the United States is making not only in Germany, but in Europe at large. The clumsiness and confusions of our foreign policy and the deterioration in professional competence and morale of our diplomatic representatives have not been lost on the Germans, and our friends in Bonn in particular react to them with indignation, derision, and despair. Russian tactics, with considerable aid and comfort from our own, exploit these weaknesses of both policy and diplomacy and have maneuvered us into a position in which we appear as a stumbling block to peace and national aspirations.

This being so, the demonstrative espousal of Adenauer as "our man" and the placing of all the bets of our German policy on him have tended to discredit rather than strengthen him in German eyes. Many have come to believe or suspect that he owes

his position of authority to his support of Western designs, inimical to the interests of Germany, and that he keeps himself in power through his subservience to these designs. The Bonn regime, then, appears to many as the prolonged arm of the Western powers, putting Germany into the chains of "integration" in order to prevent it from achieving its destiny. It is against the background of such sentiments that one must judge the defections of important officials of the Bonn regime to the East. Their treason to the Bonn regime appears to nationalistic Germans as an ambiguous act in which treason to legal authority is mixed with loyalty to a greater Germany to which the legal authority seems at best indifferent. It is against this same background that one must evaluate the fact that recently all four living ex-chancellors of Germany, representing the most diverse colors of the political spectrum from the extreme right of Papen to the extreme left of Wirth, have declared their opposition to the Western orientation of the Bonn regime and their support for an independent policy which envisages an understanding with the Soviet Union.

Yet while our military policies appear to be incompatible with the fulfillment of the national aspirations of Germany, those very same policies assign to West Germany an essential role in the defense of the West. "Europe cannot be defended without twelve German divisions," has been the refrain dinned into the ears of thus far unreceptive Germans. The first reaction was one of *Schadenfreude*, and "*ohne mich*" was the answer. This negative mood still exists, but it is strongly mingled today with pride in the restored power of Germany and the rightness of its past policies. For, so ask many Germans, "Didn't we tell the Americans ten years ago what they are telling us now? And what was the answer then?" Thus our insistence upon the vital importance of German rearmament for the Western world cannot fail to stimulate German nationalism and so strengthen those anti-democratic forces which have no regrets about past policies except their lack of success. Yet our simultaneous insistence upon military integration with its concomitant controls and limitations makes us appear as the enemy of the aspirations of that very same nationalism which we are nourishing with the most potent argument of German military indispensability. Thus we will find ourselves caught in a vicious circle; for the nationalism which we are doing so much to keep alive will be turned by our military policies into a force hostile to our political aims.

If you want to make Germany a reliable member of the Western Alliance, then you must persuade the Germans that their national interests can best be satisfied with your support. If you persuade them only that your own interests cannot be defended without

their military support, you force upon them a key position in the balance of power between East and West and make them the center of attraction for both, an opportunity which only fools would not wish to exploit.

SUCH are the results of a policy which neglects fundamental political interests in its obsession with obsolete military considerations. The simple truth is that we have placed our bets on Germany rather than France and that we have replaced our traditional French with a German orientation. There are men in the councils of our government who are convinced that the unification of Europe under German auspices is both desirable and inevitable, and who deplore Hitler's attempt for its methods and failure rather than its objective. The idea of German supremacy in Europe as being both desirable and inevitable must come naturally to men who are able to think only in terms of combat-ready divisions. Yet those of us who try to put military problems in their political context cannot fail to see that this conception defeats not only the political purposes of our German policy, but tends to have the same negative effect upon our French policies and thus upon our European policies as such. In one word, that conception raises the specter of the dissolution of the Atlantic Alliance.

Paradoxical as it may seem, the rise of Germany restores to France much of the freedom of action which it has possessed traditionally and of which it has been deprived since the end of the second world war. Economic weakness and the intransigence of Stalinist policies left France hardly any freedom of movement, even within the limits of the Western Alliance. Today trade with the Soviet bloc looms as an alternative to American economic support, and the flexibility of the foreign policy of Stalin's successors is not likely to require adherence to the Bolshevik gospel according to Malenkov as a precondition for close political and military association. That loosening of the two-bloc system offers France an alternative to the American orientation. After all, the traditional Russian orientation of France, with a superior Germany, did not grow from the whims of some individuals, but was a natural outcome of the distribution of power in Europe.

Once before, in 1919, France sought assurance against a German hegemony from the United States and Great Britain. It did not get it. At London, France obtained that assurance from Great Britain, but it received at best an equivocal answer from the United States. For the commitment of leaving American troops in Europe, weakened as it is by the recurrent talk about "agonizing reappraisal," is equivocal in its political purposes. Certainly its primary purpose is to

deter the Russians, but what is its purpose with respect to the Germans? If to deter them, to deter them from what? If to encourage them, to encourage them for what? Here again it becomes obvious that a military policy operating in a political vacuum can only have pernicious results. Such a result has materialized at London.

For the first time, and contrary to a tradition which has remained unbroken since the first world war, France has not tried to draw the United States deeper into the affairs of Europe, but to limit American influence. M. Mendès-France has insisted that the Brussels powers, and not NATO, control the rearmament of Germany. The political purpose of this insistence has been to exclude from this control the United States, which is a member of NATO but not a signatory of the Brussels Pact. This is a revolutionary development, equaling in its potentialities Great Britain's transformation into a continental military power. The British commitment mitigates the inferiority of France vis-à-vis Germany, it does not restore a healthy balance of power between the two



countries. Thus France has traditionally sought still another counterweight to German power and has looked for it to Russia or the United States or both. If the United States should make itself unacceptable to France as such a counterweight by committing itself permanently to a German orientation, France would be forced by the very logic of its position to look East again.

THERE can be no doubt that the Soviet Union would pay a high price for a political and military understanding with either Germany or France or both. To France it can offer assurance against German hegemony and the transformation of the French Communist party into the mainstay of the national interest of France. To Germany it can give unification and the recovery of all or part of the Eastern provinces. The vision of a united Europe under Russian auspices, without its concomitant Bolshevization and even accompanied by the decline of domestic Communism as a Russian fifth column, is no doubt far-fetched today, and must seem fantastic to those whose own rigidity

of mind is a mere ineffectual and obsolescent response to the self-defeating rigidity of Stalin's policies.

Yet here lies the real threat to American interests, which our fascination with twelve German divisions does nothing to counter, but much to aggravate. How could that threat have been countered before the London conference, and how can it be countered now? The actual alienation of France from the United States and the prospective alienation of Germany from the West both are the result of the German orientation of our military policies to the neglect of political considerations. The subordination of the former to the latter, then, is the precondition for a reform of our European policies, which does at least not carry from the outset the seeds of failure.

If we had established in our thinking this proper relationship between military and political policy before the London conference met, we would have restored the sovereignty of West Germany pure and simple without either imposing rearmament or ineffectual controls upon an unwilling country. We should have let the Germans use their sovereignty for their own political and military ends as they see fit—which they will do anyhow, controls or no controls, integration or no integration. We should have abstained from trying to control what cannot be controlled and instead exerted our influence where it might count, that is, for unification without military strings attached. By doing this, we would have minimized the political liabilities which the restoration of German sovereignty would have created for us in any case in both Germany and France, and we would at the same time have maximized our political opportunities in appealing to the Germans as the disinterested champion of German unity.

However, the freedom of action of nations, as that of individuals, is narrowly circumscribed both by circumstances and by the limits which their own previous actions have erected. The circumstance which limits drastically the German policies of the United States lies in the unmatched freedom of action which the Soviet Union enjoys vis-à-vis Germany. For the Soviet Union, controlling both Poland and East Germany like satrapies, can decree whatever arrangement—political or territorial—it sees fit to make in order to attract all of Germany to its side, or at least to detach West Germany from the Western Alliance. By committing itself irrevocably to the controlled rearmament of West Germany, the United States has on its own volition narrowed even more its freedom of political action. Nations, like men, can cross the Rubicon, and after the point of no return is passed, there remains only to mitigate the consequences of folly and to hope for the best. This is about the situation in which we find ourselves today. The best we can do under the circumstances is to pursue within

the framework of the London accords policies which restore as much as possible the ascendancy of political over military considerations. Concretely that would mean, on the one hand, to play down both the indispensability of the German military contribution and the importance of integration and controls and, on the other hand, to emphasize the identity of our objectives with the German aspirations for unification. The forthcoming implementation of the London accords presents us with an opportunity to change at least the emphasis of our policies.

Without such a change and with our military obsession continuing unabated, we are apt to see a new political vacuum develop in the heart of Europe, which promises to the Soviet Union a political and military harvest even richer than that which it reaped from another political vacuum created by our preoccupation with military matters and the neglect of political considerations at the end of the second world war. Of the policies responsible for that political vacuum from which most of our present troubles stem, General Bradley has said in retrospect: ". . . we looked naively on this British inclination to complicate the war with political foresight and nonmilitary objectives." Let us beware lest a sad reflection such as this become an appropriate motto for the memoirs of Mr. Dulles.

AN APPEAL FOR VIET NAM

Since the Indochina war ended, nearly half a million refugees have fled to South Viet Nam, a land itself greatly impoverished by eight years of war. The immediate need is therefore extreme. To meet the emergency the War Relief Services of the National Catholic Welfare Conference have prepared a \$5. Adopt-A-Family food package for Viet Nam.

Its principal contents are twenty-two pounds of rice, a quart of *nuoc-nam* (the sauce the Vietnamese require on their rice), two and a fifth pounds of salt fish, a pound of smoked sausage, some salt and some soap. The Adopt-A-Family program also seeks funds to provide a number of six by three sleeping mats for refugee families who were unable to bring that Vietnamese essential with them on their flight. Donations for these food parcels and sleeping mats, that are so urgently needed at present, may be sent to: War Relief Services—NCWC, 350 Fifth Avenue, New York 1, N.Y.

Clothing needs among these refugees are also great. Bedding, clothing and white or black cotton material may be sent, labeled for South Viet Nam, to: War Relief Services—NCWC Warehouse, Haswell St., and Eastchester Road, Bronx 61, New York. They may also be so labeled and deposited at local parish churches during the American bishops' clothing collection, Thanksgiving week.

FROM BRITAIN

The Real Issues In the Dock Strike

Cardiff

AS I write this over forty thousand men are out in the British docks, and London, Liverpool, Hull, and Southampton are paralyzed. There are two official issues. Should overtime be voluntary, compulsory, or voluntary for the individual, but with an obligation for the union to find the necessary number of men? And what is to be done about the decision of some thousands of dockers, particularly at Hull, to move over from the Transport and General Workers' Union to the Stevedores? These issues look, and are, real. And yet I still wonder whether unions, management, or the Ministry of Labor are digging down to find out what the dispute is basically about.

The thing you notice about the docks, particularly the London docks, is that if there is not one issue coming up, then there is another. Sometimes (as now) it is a real issue. Often it is not. But anything will do to make trouble, and usually trouble out of all proportion to the apparent cause. And it is not all due to the Communists and an irresponsible, self-seeking unofficial clique. Of course the Communists are there. How would they not be? It is a gift from heaven for them. And of course there are unofficial organizers, who I dare say are neither better nor worse than the next man. But what has to be explained is where these people get the material to work on. And that is not so easy to do as it first might look.

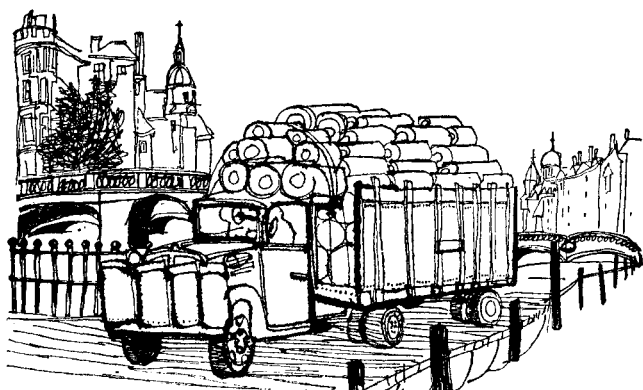
The history of the docks, up to a point, will explain a good deal. It differs from one group to another: tugmen, stevedores, more or less permanent quayside workers. But through the record of every group ran until recently the red thread of insecurity. Ships come and go irregularly, cargo conditions vary, men must go to where ships are; and until the war there was the supreme insecurity: more men at the dock gates than there were jobs to go round.

The history of the dock unions is that of a long struggle to tie the job down to insure at least a minimum of security. Allowances have been won for dirty work, rain, or badly-stowed cargo. There are minimum rates of pay and periods of work, with regulations on overtime and breaks. There are manning scales and limits to the number of jobs a gang may do in a day. It has been a perpetual battle of wits,

the employers struggling to keep the job moving, the workers trying to tie it down, and both in a sense succeeding only too well: the employers keeping their men permanently insecure, and the men blocking even elementary improvement in handling methods. It is easy to see how the atmosphere became, and remained, explosive.

But there precisely is where today's problem begins. For, on the face of it at least, this explosive insecurity is nowhere near as great now as it was. Having tied the job down a great deal before 1939, the dockers have also succeeded since then in cutting out casual labor and the men waiting at the gates. First under wartime regulations, then under the Dock Workers' Act of 1946, they have won a guarantee of employment and wages. Only registered men may work in the docks, and pay and conditions must be according to union agreements. Every registered man who reports for duty is entitled to attendance money and a guaranteed weekly wage. And on the national and local Dock Labor Boards, which administer this scheme, the union is represented in equal numbers with management. There is still economic insecurity. But that special insecurity which once marked off dock work as compared with almost any other industry is a thing of the past.

THEN is today's explosiveness in the docks simply a hangover from the past? I think not. Six years ago, in the middle of another strike wave, a British Institute of Management team took the London dock situation to pieces and concluded that the real trouble is that the rise in economic security has been balanced by a decline in security of human relations. The old-style dock worker did not only seek security by tying down the economic conditions of work. He had also the advantage of belonging to a dock community, consisting almost wholly of people like himself, where he could be sure of finding solidarity in the face of any dispute, and understanding for the special disadvantages of dock work. If he came home off a job late and dirty, who were his neighbors to com-



plain? Further, he belonged to a union with a tremendous fighting record, led by men whom he thoroughly trusted. And up to a point he might also find security in his human relationships on the job. Some men, permanent workers, were able to build up a stable relation with a particular firm, supervisor, and gang. Their working record was relatively good, and their restrictive practices few. Others, more casual workers, had at least the advantage of freedom to come or not to come to work as their private arrangements might suit. If it suited the family to go hop-picking in Kent, why then they went, and no one was any the worse.

Today many of these securities are going or gone. A man can in some ways be pushed around more than in the past. He must answer to every call, or lose his guaranteed week. He must travel to any dock within reasonable reach, join any gang, and work there for such periods as the Board thinks reasonable. He also goes home, particularly in London, to a community much of which was blasted flat during the war. In the big new apartment blocks he is as likely as not to be living alongside a City clerk, while many of his friends from the docks have gone to live elsewhere; the old solidarity of the dock community has been broken. And the union today sits on both sides of the table, and shares with the employers, through the Dock Labor Board, the responsibility for disciplining its members. There is also more union work to be done than in the past in offices, or before tribunals, away from the quayside. I have seen no reputable evidence that either Transport and General or any other union officials in the docks work less hard for their members than in the past. But it is much harder for them to make their members see that they are doing so.

ECONOMIC security up; human relations security down; explosive situation about the same. That seems to be the summary. Then what is to be done? Not much more can be done on the economic side. The guarantee scheme is a good one, and there is certainly nothing more to be done in the way of tying down the job. That has already gone to the point where one cause of frustration among dockers is certainly the consciousness, or sub-consciousness, of doing less than an honest job with equipment such as an engineer would blush to touch. Nor can the dock community be reconstituted. For one thing, the present mixing of social groups has too many advantages to be foregone.

There remain the gang and the union; and there, if there is an answer, is where it lies. The BIM team suggested—judging by past experience with permanent workers—that one essential point is to give as many

workers as possible a stable relationship to their gang, their foreman, and their employer. Killing two birds with one stone, they pointed out that if this were done employers would be in a better position to exercise disciplinary powers than they are now; therefore these powers need no longer be exercised by the Dock Labor Board, and the union need no longer be expected to share responsibility for them. That should reduce members' suspicion of their leaders and increase their sense of security in the union.

THAT was all the team had to say about the union, but I do not think it is all there is to say. And I pass on to you here the comment of an American colleague of mine, a man who on the slightest provocation will recite the story of how the Reuther machine took over the United Auto Workers, because that bit of history happens to be part of his own life. What strikes him about British unions, he says, is their devotion to Rousseau and the General Will.

When a British union leader wants to fight the Communist machine in his union, he does not set up another machine in opposition. He proclaims that all machines whatsoever are wrong, and therefore the Communist faction-builders are traitors to the cause. Now, my colleague says, there is no reason at all why a union a million strong should not be thoroughly democratic, with the leadership well aware of what the members want and anxious to give it to them. But it will certainly not succeed in being democratic if it behaves as if it were still in the stage of what Sidney and Beatrice Webb used to call primitive democracy, when all the boys could get together in one room and arrive at a General Will around the beer-mugs. If you want democracy in any organization of a million people, union or otherwise, you must have a party system; or at any rate the chance of creating one as and when the occasion demands. Without parties, presenting an organized case and competing for votes at every level, you cannot expect the top leaders to catch a coherent vision of what people at the bottom want, or even of what they are prepared to stand for. That truth is universally ignored in the British trade union movement, and in the dock unions among others. And that is why you have today unofficial dock strike leaders fighting outside and against their union instead of for control within it; official leaders obviously and wildly out of touch with the rank and file; and rank and file members switching their membership *en masse* to a new union because their existing one, in spite of its impressive apparatus of democracy, does not offer them the obvious, ordinary, democratic means of protest.

MICHAEL P. FOGARTY.

THE STAGE

SOME VARIETIES OF COMIC EXPERIENCE

LET us begin on an elementary level with Mr. Harry Kurnitz. His comedy "Reclining Figure" (at the *Lyceum*) slyly rakes the commercial world of high art; 57th Street shudders lightly as its rather more obvious and swollen vanities are neatly punctured. But to borrow the terms of Mr. Kurnitz's subject, the line of his play is slack and tensionless, the witty draping too meagre, the coloring too commonplace to make a bold impression: though Martin Gabel, as a wonderfully hard-souled middleman among masterpieces, vastly diverts with his sale of a Toulouse-Lautrec to an oil-rich lady of the Texas panhandle.

Time passes (eighteen years), and we regress to the celebrated musical of the Messrs. Rodgers and Hart, "On Your Toes" (at the *46th Street Theatre*). What has prompted this (the pun is irresistible) flat-footed revival, which so energetically violates the pious past? For with a sterling exception or two, Mr. Rodgers stands as only a competent melodist, Mr. Hart as an expert miner in that nasty-smarty vein of cultural patter—a laborer worthy of Mr. Cole Porter's hire. But where are the snows of yesteryear? Frostily congealing on 46th Street, I would say, and not even "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" can melt them. Elaine Stritch has, however, her deserved triumph, brilliantly projecting a personality which, in its marinated tartness, is the very essence of American humor.

"The Tender Trap" (at the *Longacre*) is an agreeable comedy of certain distinction, the pleasure of which lies largely in a kind of running commentary on the domestic manners of New Yorkers. It is easy to patronize the variety of entertainment Messrs. Max Shulman and Robert Paul Smith are offering, less so to match their shrewd and telling divertissement on contemporary themes. Neither sensibility nor knowledge are heightened by a play like "The Tender Trap," but in these dry, spirited, somewhat coarse surfaces, one face of life is faithfully mirrored. Occasionally, too, the lens of observation is carefully adjusted, and some wry, winking perception of the way we live now is sharply fixed. I do not wish to overstate the case: the work is ever small and mild, rather too "arranged" for popular consumption: but it is genuine. And the performance is a model of pace, tact, brisk wit: one notes Ronnie Graham's happily irresponsible bachelor, Robert Preston's tangy, masculine benedict, and the tangible social realities so admirably suggested by Kim Hunter and Janet Riley.

Mr. Leo Thomas, whose "Slightly Delinquent" opened the season at Blackfriars (316 West 57th

Street), strikes off an occasional comic effect at the expense of the social services; everywhere his piece is tidy, smartly written, indefinably amateur and quite competently played. James Milhollin and Shelley Berman fill out their roles with a thoroughly professional inventiveness; Vanita May is certainly the prettiest ingenue of the season, and the voice of Jerome Richards impresses again as one of the best on the current stage. Yet I am increasingly restive at these dramatized magazine fictions which have become a feature of the fall season at Blackfriars. Lacking the *raison d'être* of purely devotional or hagiographic drama, they seem designed to promote a myth of innocuous Catholic taste which is never less than disturbing. The pleasure they afford is strictly that of the domestic diversion, a function which, I would have thought, has been effectively subsumed by television. I am aware of the difficulties at Blackfriars: the restrictions and responsibilities and the permanent risks. Yet I see no future worth cultivation in this exhausted dramatic vein, and I would suggest that the game is being too safely played on West 57th Street these days: surely the example of other experimental theaters has shown that there is an audience for drama not quite so untroubled by intellect.

"The Clandestine Marriage" is the comic product of a bourgeois age, obsessively concerned with money and marriage, with the iniquities of the rich and the follies of the middle class. What gives it anything stronger than a period interest is the celebrity of its author, the actor David Garrick, and a certain flavor of malicious social observation: the portrait of an aging rake is masterly. But the *longueurs* of garden intrigue are considerable, and this revival (*at the Provincetown Playhouse*) does little to mitigate them: a ruthless coyness of delivery and a furious play of fan cannot mask insecurity in an alien style of acting. Most of the evening's energy is firmly gathered in two performances: Frederic Warriner's lecherous, rheumatic Lord Ogleby, every detail of which is beautifully studied, every comic possibility illumined, and Jerry Stiller's genially depraved and toadying valet.

To pass from these small sums to, as it were, the higher mathematics of wit—Congreve's "The Way of the World"—is to enter a world where sense visibly rides a crystalline jet of language, and the whole pageant of human venality and self-seeking lies exposed to the contemplation of a melancholy, disabused and elegant sensibility. Whatever the flaws of the production at the Cherry Lane Theater—the absence of stylistic harmony, the substitution of a rather florid, rough-grained humor for Congreve's high-mettled, steely wit, an impercipient to the deepening stain of disgust which secretly permeates this bright world—they fall before the essential fact of our gratitude: that here is a neglected masterpiece,

the summit of a particular mode of life and feeling, again made freshly accessible and verified in all its reputed grandeur. How often in a season may one say that? The satisfactions of the revival are, moreover, genuine; the accomplishments challenge on a respectable level. Though they want a certain finished malice, Fritz Weaver and Nancy Wickwire are venomously authoritative; though she somewhat heightens the raddled coarseness of the old harridan, Dee Victor yet brings off a most competent Wishfort. And it would be difficult to fault the modest, decorous sets and costumes of Don Crawford, or the achievements of Priscilla Morrill, Thayer David and William Whitman, though Gerry Fleming's Millament seemed to me subtly to miss. But perfection, or as near as one may come to it within the limitations of our theater, crowns the production in Louis Edmonds' *Mirabell*. Mr. Edmonds is, I would hazard a guess, the real right thing. He has modeled his delivery and deportment on those of Olivier (one might do worse), but the impression of a wholly personal charm and intelligence shaping the role is nonetheless strongly felt. A voice capable of so many exquisite alterations of tone and tempo—one that makes listening again a major pleasure; that certain elusive suggestion of imaginative largeness and scope: these often herald the romantic actor of potentially major proportions. Mr. Edmonds is surely the best of so many admirable things in this incontestably distinguished revival, the occasion of my most felicitous excursion yet beyond the perimeter of Broadway.

RICHARD HAYES.

THE SCREEN

GRACIOUS GUMSHOE

IF you're not too upset about the fact that Alec Guinness doesn't look exactly like the jovial, roly-poly priest in G. K. Chesterton's Father Brown stories, you should have a good time at "The Detective." In the first place it is one of the most civilized films to appear in a long time; it was handsomely produced by Paul F. Moss in England; it has an excellent cast directed by Robert Hamer; and it has a literate and thoughtful script with bright dialogue written by Thelma Schnee and Mr. Hamer, who didn't pin themselves down to just one Father Brown story but caught the spirit of the famous hero-priest in a style that would have pleased Chesterton himself.

Without the Brown rotundity, Alec Guinness, too, has captured the essence of this big-hearted priest whose fondness for playing detective is second only to his ardor for saving souls. With a Pickwickian

twinkle, he can say to a petty thief: "You're incapable of earning a dishonest living." He can be shamefaced when on the carpet before his bishop (Cecil Parker). He can be stern when insisting that a criminal is first and foremost a human being. He can be high society when with his good friend Lady Warren (Joan Greenwood). He can tell off Flambeau, the famed Continental stealer of treasures who deplores Father Brown's naiveté, with: "My innocent ears hear stories every day that would make your sophisticated hair stand on end." It is Father Brown's pursuit of this big-time crook (effectively played by Peter Finch in various disguises) with which the plot is mainly concerned. The pursuit of course is not only to regain the jeweled cross which Flambeau has stolen, but to regain Flambeau. If the finale is just a touch too pat, we can be grateful for having been entertained up to this point with solid cinema of a high order that views a crime-and-detection picture as more than just a whodunit.

MOVIEGOERS who like their horror straight without messing around with mystery may find "Suddenly" to their liking. In this tense and well-photographed thriller Frank Sinatra plays a psychopath who's been hired to kill the President of the United States. Mr. Sinatra gives quite a convincing performance—in an underplayed sort of way, and he raises an interesting point when he says: "If Booth hadn't been such a ham, he'd a made it." You feel quite sure that this killer won't even get the first part of his job done, to say nothing of the get-away. But the town's sheriff (Sterling Hayden) and the woman he loves (Nancy Gates) and her father-in-law (James Gleason) are given some very scary moments as Frank and his assistants try to execute their plans. They suffer physically too, as do several other inhabitants of this small town called Suddenly. Your suffering will be more mental than physical, but if you like that sort of thing, you'll have a lovely time for seventy-seven minutes as you watch the violence.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"MYSTIQUE OF THE RIGHT"

Philadelphia, Penna.

TO the Editors: I regard the drastic and urgent correction of both the contents and the terminology of Mr. William V. Shannon's article, "The Mystique of the Right" [Oct. 15], to be a matter of the greatest importance.

Mr. Shannon's article ably criticized the different

propaganda approaches of the present Republican party. Now propaganda approaches are one thing, but "mystique" is another; more serious is his equation of the Republican party with the traditional "Right" and with conservatism. It is evident that, not unlike most serious American liberals, Mr. Shannon does not understand conservatism, except perhaps in its economic sense. Except in that sense and, in a way, not even in that sense—to wit Senator McCarthy's super-socialistic proposals about farm supports—the present Republican Party is *not* a conservative party; but then the whole history of American politics has not seen a truly conservative party since the demise of the Federalists in 1816.

There have been, however, great American conservative statesmen, political figures and thinkers; there is a strong conservative strain in the American character. Nor had the Republican party a monopoly on conservatism. Until less than seventy years ago the Democrats were, relatively, *the* conservative party; as late as 1904 their party furnished the greater number of conservative Presidential candidates; and it seems that soon, as far as civil liberties, the division of powers, and foreign policies go, the Democrats will again be the more conservative party of the two. But this is not the issue here.

We should not quibble over semantic definitions. But the time has come, once and for all, to establish that it is more than foolish—it is ridiculous—to speak of a Dirksen or a McCarthy as reactionaries, men of the Right, conservatives. This muddled and dreadful liberal terminology befogs the thinking of millions. Earlier this year Mr. Edward R. Murrow publicly categorized McCarthy as a Rightist together with Louis XIV. My anger at this was only partially assuaged by the ludicrous vision of the Wisconsin junior Senator in a pastoral scene, surrounded by the airy cherubs of Mozart and Poussin. A few weeks ago Adlai Stevenson classified Joseph Meek with other survivals of Queen Victoria's Age. While, if necessary, I can imagine Mr. Stevenson in black hammercloth knee-breeches at Rugby, I can not yet visualize Mr. Meek chatting, in heavily Latinized English, with Lord Salisbury on a horsehair sofa.

In our associations the sort of complacent, stubborn, rugged and radical "Republican" that Mr. Shannon chides, and The Commonweal often assails, is typified by a corpulent Midwestern used-car dealer. There is nothing wrong about such associations, but I wish to ask: what is conservative about such a used-car dealer? Are not our philistines the very men who think in terms of super-democracy, swift change, and dynamic advertising campaigns; are they not the mass-men of the Hydramatic Age, putting thoughtless popularity further and further ahead of principle?

The time has come to state this: Those who keep

calling men like Joseph McCarthy or Joseph Meek or Charles Wilson or Arthur Godfrey conservatives, reactionaries, or Right-wingers, are guilty of an enormous distortion, comparable in its ultimate effects to that awful distortion two and three decades ago when many seedy little Marxists, profiting from a similar semantic confusion, first crept under, and then stole, the erstwhile better banners of "liberalism." It was not so long ago that Messrs. Alvarez del Vayo, Owen Lattimore, Angus Cameron, Louis Adamic, and Miss Anna Louise Strong were regarded as "liberal" standard-bearers. Will not Mr. Shannon and his many confused friends rue the day, perhaps not so distant, when the word "conservative" may once again become fashionable, and when millions of Americans may be told to see in Louis Budenz, in William Buckley, in the Texan Shivers, the contemporary Tocquevilles, Adamsses and Calhouns?"

JOHN A. LUKACS.

"EUROPE AND AMERICA"

Lans, Tyrol, Austria.

TO the Editors: Being engaged in the mutual interpretation of Europe and America I have read with the greatest of interest Miss Arendt's brilliant series on "Europe and America" [Sept. 10, 17, 24]. Her diagnosis of our common ills is perfectly correct, yet one wishes that she would have gone a few steps further, especially in her third instalment, because only a *thorough* analysis of our evils can lead to the discovery of remedies. "Conformity" is a basic human drive, but so is its opposite. If suppressed in an age of conformity, nonconformity and the yearning for diversity might seek the strangest outlets and alliances, or become preys of "perversion."

We in Europe, no doubt, are menaced by conformity as much as you are, and we were—remember Tocqueville, Mill, Le Bon, Ortega—the first ones to be conscious of this specific menace to true human freedom. Yet can sound political ("representative") democracy be separated from an intellectual and ideological conformism? Is it possible to have a healthy parliamentary system with the parties being mere "ins" and "outs" outside of a conformist "common framework of reference"—without a "common denominator"?

Are we not, over here, in a situation tragically similar to that of Bourbon France after 1815: this time democracy having been restored with the bayonets of a victorious alliance (headed by the United States)? And the totalitarian regimes of the immediate past and present, in spite of their conformist slogans (and Procrustean beds), have they not been eager to establish new hierarchies and castes in the place of estates and classes which they have swept away? By creating a new diversity, at least on the sociological level,

have they not enthralled naive "non-conformists" repelled by the "dull egalitarianism" of Western society? (Herein lies part of the magnetism exercised by the Neo-Merovingians in the Kremlin!)

Leaning back we see how the French Revolution ("technically" prepared by America, as John Adams well knew) in its various manifestations externally still dominates the West, no less than the East, but the forces of dissent, personality, hierarchy, continue as a dark, sometimes even devastating, undercurrent. At present our situation is immensely ambiguous, more ambiguous, I think, than it appears in Miss Arendt's brilliant articles. An uneasy mass-society with a subconscious sense of guilt for its way of life is rising in Western Europe, while the alluring caricature of feudalism has been established in the East, tempting in Central Europe the wayward, ambitious intellectual, far more so than the satiated worker who is increasingly attracted by America.

Democracy, of course, is everywhere—and nowhere. Its position can well be compared to that of Christianity in France around 1770; though it holds "undisputed sway," all *esprits forts* are against it; almost everybody professes it, but nobody would die for it. And even modernity—worshipped and universally praised—is under the cloud of darkest suspicion. Many among us watch its suicidal gyrations with a terrible mixture of gloating and sheer horror. Its popular (and most unjust) identification with America (a basically conservative and evolutionary nation with a real horror for everything essentially new and revolutionary) is no less a drawback for a mutual affection and understanding than the notion that democracy is an American "import." All these are conscious-subconscious efforts toward making America solely responsible for the bankruptcy of the West.

Yet Miss Arendt is absolutely right when she insists that all these problems concern the *whole* West, because we *are* one. It is the task of the thinker to view them dispassionately and to try to find ways out of the dilemma. I believe that the European, especially the Central European, contribution to such constructive even if "radical" thinking could be extremely helpful, because we had such a variety of poignant political and sociological experiences in the last forty years. And never has there been more fruitful discussions on these subjects in our countries and regions on a smaller, personal scale than right now. Never has there been a greater willingness to seek solutions and new approaches in a spirit pointing in the right direction, i.e. in the spirit of Christian values, freedom and respect for the past in the light of cold reason and charitable justice. These quests and efforts, *Deo volente*, might not be entirely in vain.

ERIK VON KUEHNELT-LEDDIHN.

BOOKS

The Way Things Are in an Irish World

MORE STORIES. By Frank O'Connor. Knopf. \$5.

By FRANK GETLEIN

FRANK O'CONNOR has none of the madness of the literary artist who struggles to efface himself from his work, to present the facts in the matter and let them speak as they will. O'Connor is not a literary artist; he is a story-teller and aware that the telling is a large part of the tale. In this he resembles the modern painter in whose hands the paint and the way of painting are drawn into the picture itself, encouraged to give pleasure and interest in their own names and at the same time made to contribute enormously to the "picture" proper; made to reveal it, really, for without them there would be no picture. Such talk is pure abstraction; in neither the modern painting nor the O'Connor story is it possible to separate the vision and the viewing.

The joy of this new volume, beyond the fact that it is a new volume, lies in the well-ordered and carefully chosen views it gives of the world of Frank O'Connor. The book is an atlas of that world. To give you terrain features here represented, there are the brief and bloody days of war in Dublin and the countryside, the childhood in poverty and the dawning consciousness of irony as the chief light of the land, courtship and marriage among the Irish, the Irish clergy, the shudderings of that hoary world at the presence of the stranger, the awakening of joyful feelings among the Irish as they land in other countries and various combinations of these basic landmarks. Always and everywhere, of course, the subject is the human condition, observed accurately but with a love that survives the knowledge of truth.

In the twenty-nine stories of this volume, one moral emerges more frequently than any other: things are seldom what they seem; more specifically, things are never what they "ought" to be, what one is told they are. The rules of conduct and

cognition given by society and elders are good only up to the point of consciousness in personal relationships; beyond that point you're on your own. That point comes early and late to O'Connor characters. To some it comes not at all. But the narrator is always aware of it and keenly aware of his own job of making it known to the reader without harping on it. Since O'Connor's Ireland is a rule-ridden land, it offers an uncommonly fine setting for his adventures in consciousness.

Undoubtedly, it has also provoked them, many of them. Like all conventions, those of the Irish can act as insulation against life, against the shock of recognition that almost all these stories are concerned with. Like all conventions, those of the Irish can fasten on the user and freeze him to their own mold. Common to all these varying persons and actions is O'Connor's strong implication that the freezing process is pretty well advanced in the old country. Underneath them all is the refrain we meet on the first page, "Romantic Ireland's dead and

gone," or as O'Connor, no poet, has it, ". . . whatever our town may have been like in saga times, it is no great shakes today."

It has always been my own pleasure to insist that in fiction nothing counts like the fiction, not the self-expression, not the pious sentiment, not the history, the sociology, the psychology. All the same there is a special value in O'Connor's Ireland and it has nothing to do with the literary value. His Ireland is, above all, Catholic Ireland, and Catholic America, to a large extent that seems to be enlarging all the time, is made in that image. It would be most salutary, if unlikely, for the professionals of "Catholic literature" to pass on from patronizing O'Connor because he once wrote "First Confession" to reading what he really sees in Ireland. The Catholic part of O'Connor's Catholic Ireland is a dead hand pressed firmly on the neck of all life, all hope, beauty, joy, love, all thought.

O'Connor himself would be the first to disavow such uses for his book. He'd be right, because he deals in particulars and must. It's enlightening, though, that everywhere he looks the particulars are the same.

The Saint Who Belonged to the People

JOAN OF ARC. By Lucien Fabre. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. McGraw-Hill. \$5.

By CLAIRE HUCHET BISHOP

EVERY new book on Joan of Arc is bound to tell the same story over again, hence, by this time, there are few people who are not acquainted with the main events of her life. It therefore seems rather odd that another recounting of the same story may still so completely challenge the curiosity of the reader as does this book. Is it because across the centuries it is still the same question which is at the bottom of Joan's trial: "Who do they say that I am?"

Though Lucien Fabre obviously believes Joan to have been sent from God, he leaves the reader free

to decide for himself. Even in the matter of the voices he points out all the possible psychological and medical explanations. But whether one sees in Joan "an example of hysteria . . . a medium . . . a village idiot . . . a crafty adventuress . . . or a saint" the historical events are what they are.

Mr. Fabre sets out to retell those events with the help of erudition coupled with a lively sense of time and place. From the sheer documentary point of view it would be hard to find any flaw. Not only has the author examined all the original sources, the minutes of the trial, not only is he familiar with all the exhaustive studies of the subject and all the books dealing with the history of the period, but he also presents documents which, in his

own words, "are to be found nowhere else in the many volumes of our own day devoted to Joan." These, such as the faked articles which were placed in the hands of the judges of the University of Paris, add greatly to the understanding of what took place at Joan's trial.

Mr. Fabre is too scrupulous a historian for one to speak of interpretation. At most, one can say that the light he throws on hitherto neglected or dark corners results in a fresher and sometimes unexpected picture for the reader. Some may feel that the parallel which is bound to occur to the reader between the German occupation of 1940-44 and the One Hundred Years War is too compelling, or that the author's analysis of the motives which prompted Charles VII not to come to Joan's rescue is somewhat too dispassionate. Others may feel too that Mr. Fabre has somewhat missed what was plebian in Joan, her tough physical vigor, her robust common sense expressed so many times in downright insolent repartee so typical of the popular French temperament. She had the boldness of the French peasant who will not be imposed upon, whatsoever the city slickers may think. One keeps wishing that some-

one from the French countryside might someday sit down to tell Joan's story. She belongs so completely with the common people in her make-up, her life and her martyrdom, but for centuries it has been the learned who have told her story, so that it has become difficult for the poor people to recognize her as their own.

Mr. Fabre continues the tradition: he was not only a brilliant novelist (he died in 1952), a winner of a Goncourt prize, but he was also a successful industrialist. However, despite, one might venture to say, these handicaps, his study is outstanding, not only because of his twenty-five years of painstaking research, not only because of his indisputable literary skill, but also because of the rather unusual combination in him of a strong faith and an acute critical sense. The two, which so often obscure each other, here enhance one another. The result is a distinguished, forceful and vivid biography, one might say an unafraid one, which will hold the attention of all, regardless of one's own approach to Joan, and will undoubtedly take an honored place among the memorable contributions to her story.

The translation by Gerard Hopkins is remarkably fine.

Pieces from Mr. Waugh's Workshop

TACTICAL EXERCISE. By Evelyn Waugh. Little, Brown. \$3.75.
By PATRICK F. QUINN

EVERELYN WAUGH has written so many good books during the past twenty years that he is perhaps entitled now to come out with a book like this. I am putting it away, on a remote shelf, alongside the recent novels of Isherwood and Faulkner, two other writers who happened to nosedive in 1954. To be sure, all three books "have their moments," for the men who wrote them are unmistakably *writers*, and could not if they tried make an utter botch of things. But the chief value of their latest volumes is precariously negative: in reading them

and noticing their deficiencies we are reminded of the virtues of such novels as *Prater Violet*, *The Sound and the Fury*, and *Put Out More Flags*. And so we are at least given some incentive to go back to those earlier books and to wish their authors better luck next time. This is very cold comfort, I admit; but I find it impossible to strike a cheerful attitude about *Tactical Exercise*.

It is a roundup of short stories, fugitive pieces, odds and ends from Mr. Waugh's narrative workshop that have now been gathered up and swept into the convenient dustpan of a hard-cover book. *Tactical Exercises* would make a better name for the collection since almost every one of the twelve pieces seems to

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have been composed with some set problem of literary tactics in mind.

For instance, how to tell a story in the illiterate-epistolary style of Ring Lardner. Mr. Waugh did his homework on this problem in 1932. Why we are invited to go over it now, in a story called "Cruise," is indeed a question. In another item, "Tactical Exercise," dated 1947, the objective is to work a tricky plot out to a heavily ironic finish. This is very neatly done, much more so than in "Mr. Loveday's Little Outing," a 1935 experiment with the same kind of problem. Obviously Mr. Waugh's craftsmanship improved with the years. Yes; but we would as soon take that likelihood for granted. In any case, the plot-story, or gimmick-story, is managed with even greater skill by Roald Dahl. It is not Mr. Waugh's *métier*. Nor is he on the right track in "Love Among the Ruins" (1953). This is a mildly interesting effort, but the only thought it provokes is that Mr. Waugh's satiric gifts are not best employed when his subject matter is the non-utopian

futurists into which George Orwell gave us one terrible glimpse.

A further reflection, which the book as a whole gives rise to, is that Mr. Waugh is a novelist rather than a writer of short stories. His work in the latter vein seems imitative, a bit forced, and curiously stunted. When he gives himself room to turn around in, he recovers his authentic voice and becomes creative again. Thus the longest story in the book, "Work Suspended," is far and away the best. Within its more spacious range a context is built up for the presentation of a mad, minor character named Arthur Atwater, the most extraordinary figure Mr. Waugh has invented since Basil Seal of *Black Mischief* and the other books. At-

water is a Waugh immortal, brilliantly rendered in what amounts to a short novel. In a really *short* story he could hardly be hinted at.

"Work Suspended" should have been published separately, as I believe it was in England. When we come upon it in this book we are not ready for it, and feel out of sorts generally as a result of the series of disappointments we have previously undergone. Some of Mr. Waugh's early stories, like "Cruise" and "On Guard"—in which a coquette has her nose bitten off by a pet poodle—are simply silly. And so was the idea (whose?) of getting the book started with some nonsense about a horse race that Evelyn Waugh wrote at the age of seven years, one month.

Two Secrets of Sanctity

SAINT ANTHONY OF THE DESERT. By Henri Queffélec. Translated from the French by James Whitall. Dutton. \$3.75.

ST. VINCENT FERRER. By Henri Ghéon. Translated by F. J. Sheed. Sheed & Ward. \$2.50.

By ALBAN BAER

THE two books under review have many similarities. They represent what might be called "the new hagiography." Both authors seek to make living human beings of their subjects. Both are at pains to indicate, wherever possible, the conditions of the periods of history when their subjects lived which closely approximate those of our own. Both appear to suffer from a certain paucity of material and are driven to the necessity of filling their books with a wealth of background detail which is not always relevant.

They are right, of course, to dwell at such length on the contemporary challenges that faced the two saints. It might, indeed, have given their biographies greater unity and force if they had constructed their narratives around these two great moments as a sort of climax. For it is clear that God had from all eternity raised up Anthony to be the indis-

pensable support of Athanasius against the Arians, Vincent to be the inciting force in withdrawing the princes from their support of the anti-pope Benedict XIII and so taking the first step to end the Great Schism.

No less important was Anthony's example and teaching in regularizing and placing on a stable basis the eremitical and monastic life of his time. Although it emerges from M. Queffélec's account that he was not the first hermit or monk, it would seem that he was among the first to recognize the importance of moderation and discretion in combating successfully the forces of evil in the desert; and an important achievement of M. Queffélec's is to show, with great subtlety, how this discretion in Anthony was present always, even when he seemed to the world to be the most intransigent of extremists. He has done well to dramatize (if the expression may be allowed) the famous temptations, insisting that "*le douanier*" Rousseau, had he wished, could have given a truer representation of them than Bosch or Flaubert did in their famous works.

M. Ghéon realizes the difficulty of the problem which might face him if he tried to detach fact from legend

Debate

Arnold F. J.
LUNN vs. SHEED

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in the innumerable miracles attributed to Saint Vincent. "If his contemporaries credited him with such a host of miracles, it means, I take it, that he worked a fair number. . . There may have been some exaggeration, but there must have been something to exaggerate." And in his account of them he wisely attempts to set no limits on the power of God.

But the life of this saint was no mere triumphal progress of miracles. It is hard to be a saint in any age: particularly so in the Spain of the late fourteenth century—disunited and owing obedience to a schismatic pope, a pope who happened also to be a personal friend of the saint and could be influenced by this friend for good or evil. At the court of Avignon were many evil counselors: lest the field be left open to them, "Vincent, too, had to compromise with the relative: and we may imagine what interior martyrdom it must have cost him." When the time came for speaking out, he did so—with the favorable result previously mentioned. He did

not always on other occasions display the same tact.

Both writers, to this reviewer, tend to "personalize" their subjects to an excessive degree. M. Queffélec, especially, yields to this tendency. We are told of Saint Anthony: "He was undoubtedly tall and powerfully built . . . Almond-shaped eyes. Thick eyelashes . . . the broad shoulders of a circus wrestler and the long legs of an athlete . . . eagerness and joy in his far-gazing eyes . . ." It is true that Anthony was presumably an Egyptian and a great many Egyptians had such features. But what reason to serve up this romanticized, almost Hollywood—in any case, thoroughly unreal—character? It would seem far better to admit that for us Anthony can have an existence only in the *Life* of Athanasius and in passages of the *Lausiac History* and the *Vitae Patrum*: in short, that the only Anthony we can know is the Anthony of ecclesiastical tradition. He can never be more; and, fortunately for our understanding of the God-centered life, he can never be less.

A New Apologetics

GOD, MAN, AND THE UNIVERSE: A Christian Answer to Modern Materialism. Edited by Jacques de Bivort de la Saudee. Kenedy. \$7.50.

By H. A. REINHOLD

WHERE you see Henry de Lubac, S.J., Yves Congar, O.P., Douglas Woodruff, S.C. Messenger as contributors to this "grand apology" you feel assured that the lesser known authors will come off creditably—how else would they have consented to contribute? Thus even the outward impression of this great work is one of quality. Though not all authors are equal as writers and teachers, I assume from the way they present their subjects that as scholars they are highly competent.

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his doubts and hesitations, seriously. That is refreshing in itself. But should you feel flattered and vain because of this compliment, you will soon lay the book aside: it is too much hard work, too earnest and too serious to be used for the tickling of one's ego.

Marcel Moré in a recent issue of *Dieu Vivant* considers the Italian composer Giuseppe Verdi's faith as one torn and upset at every turn by question marks of his skeptical mind. And this, he says, "is the faith . . . of many in our day, for we live in a problematic age. Because of the development of knowledge, we always 'with biting sharpness' have to face problems of science, unknown to our forebears whose science was as yet embryonic. And it is tragic that the moment we raise these problems, they reveal themselves as unanswerable. . . No one has yet answered Ivan Karamazov's question: why do little children suffer?" Doubts of faith are not always pride, nor always the result of a bad conscience. Four hundred pages of serious probing by

scholars and scientists themselves of deep faith are a proof of this.

This book comes to us from Europe, was translated from the French and enlarged in England. There, in Europe, dialectical materialism is a real temptation to the educated Catholic. It is therefore not written primarily for American Catholics whose temptation is towards secularism, towards, therefore, a practical, not a dialectical, materialism. Yet this work is not wasted on us. It answers some questions that are not asked here, but the brilliance with which André Wetter, S.J., of the Oriental Institute in Rome deals with dialectical materialism, not lightly brushing it off the desk with contempt, but explaining and exposing it without rancor, should give us a greater respect for its genuine danger and its quality, and therefore put an end to our more facile condemnations of those intellectuals behind and this side of the Iron Curtain who have become its victims.

The book proceeds in a systematic fashion, never losing sight of

the state of science and contemporary philosophy: the existence of God, the origin of the universe and of life on earth, what is commonly gathered under "evolution" and its problems, the existence of a spiritual soul, the origin of religion, Jesus' historicity and the setting of His presence on earth, the Church and its development, Church and Capitalism, and finally the crux of all apologetics, the problem of evil, handled by no lesser man than Yves Congar, O.P.

Naturally the contributions are uneven, as is to be expected, and no reasonable reader will expect that the very latest theories can all be dealt with. But anyone studying this book should be able to find his way from there on. That the chapters dealing with the origin of the universe and man should be bolder than our popular apologetics is to be expected and the American Catholic will be relieved to see what a range of free inquiry actually exists within the Church.

It is interesting to see that both the late Dr. Messenger and Douglas

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Woodruff, though brilliant, tend towards a greater conservatism than the French authors. Woodruff's stand for capitalism must be more, even, than the habitual conservatism of the English Catholic. It may be a reaction against the hasty and sometimes rough nationalizations of the Labor government. He argues that our "Catholic Social Action" is an unwarranted attempt to run ahead of socialism and that faith has never been better than in the ages of poverty and destitution, and his thesis reaches its climax in his attempt to stigmatize the whole Catholic social school trend as tending towards the disastrous result that the Church "would be treated as a body not converting but converted to the materialist presuppositions and preoccupations of men whose only interest in religion is as a subsidiary agent for material social change."

After the brilliant and serious chapter on dialectical materialism, Yves Congar's chapter on the problem of evil is disappointing because it promises more than it gives. Even the division into evil as a problem and evil as a mystery results in no other conclusion than that this is a true "antinomy of reason." This is the rock on which all "proof" founders, whether you look at evil as necessary, or as salutary, or as

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tolerated within a great weave of Providence, whose "wrong side" we see now, but whose real pattern we shall see later. Pope Pius XII a few years ago had to admonish the Lenten preachers not to ignore the revealed verities of Hell, punishment and a personal Evil One. There is a possibility that, independent from book theology, under the surface of "correct" pronouncements, and while reading aloud from the Bible, religious people all over the world and even within our own Church make their subtractions quietly, just as there are many who are willing to accept Christ without His miracles.

As a reviewer of this mammoth of learning I feel grateful for what I learned and, once faith has taken reign, I know this modern *summa* is sufficient, imperfections in detail notwithstanding. But like all apologetics—and this becomes most evident in the face of the problem of evil—this one is not as rational as it promises to be; it ignores some of the deeply disturbing questions of anguished minds and it is best where it is easy to be good and worst where it is hard.

Is it then a failure? What else could it be, where we "see in a glass, darkly"? What I wish were there is an admission of this by the authors rather than a statement of it by one reviewer who is not even sure of his competence. Maybe a future generation will decide that Aristotle was as good as could be had in the thirteenth century, but that now his method—as all others—is dated.

REVIEWERS

Frank Getlein is a regular contributor to The Commonweal's book section.

Claire Huchet Bishop is the author of several books on the Church in France and is a noted children's author.

Patrick F. Quinn contributes to the *Hudson Review*, the *Sewanee Review*, and other literary publications.

Dom Alban Baer, O.S.B., is a monk of Portsmouth Priory.

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